AN EPITOME OF THE WORLDS *WOE*,

Wherein is perſpicuouſly diſcouered; the lamentable miſeries *of the World, in theſe tempeſtu*ous times, the infidelitie of fained *friends, and the ficklenesse of de*ceitefull fortune.

Continued by way of Meditation and Reſolution.

By GEO. DICHANTE, Gent.

Ἁπαντες ἐν θαλάσσῃ κακοῦ πλέομεν.

All we (poore Mortals) wade againſt our will,
In waues of woe, and Seas of ſurging ill.

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THE WOE OF THE WORLD.

HEauen's high director, and *Olympus* King,
Whose power doth guid, & gouerne euery thing
Whose blessed bounty doth extend to all,
Whose wealth supplyes each want in generall.
Supply my wants, Great God! thou map of meekenesse,
And let thy power be perfect in my weakenesse:
Oh helpe me to divulge, in these weake rimes,
The vainnesse, and vexation of these times.
Inspire my Muse, she truely may explaine,
The woes that in this wicked world do raigne:
For at the Altar of thy holy *Will*,
My Muse doth offer vp her Incense still:
And all the faculties remaine in me
I will addresse and consecrate to thee.
Tis in thy power to rectifie each wrong,
Oh guide me then, and go with me along:
Grant what I write, within this tedious story
May to all's good redound, and to thy Glory.

Since

Since that same season wherein I was borne,
(By sinne originall) a wretch forlorne: (young)
These eyes and eares of mine haue knowne (though
Woes; cannot be expreſt by pen, nor tongue.
For I proteſt (yet many thinke not ſo)
I haue beene witneſſe to a world of Woe.
Neere in my life as yet that I could tell;
One intire day remaind I perfect well.
But various paſſions, ſtill were repreſented,
Sometimes well-pleaſed, ſtraightway male-contented
Sometimes freſh ioy, did ouer ioy my heart;
Anone I was poſſeſt with pangs of ſmart:
And when ſome ouerflowe of fickle Fate,
Had fild my bodies bankes with bliſſe or State,
The ebbe of that within a little ſpace,
Hath left me in a worſe, and weaker caſe:
And ſeeing thus my ioyes to ebbe and flowe,
With lofty Surges firſt, and then ſinke lowe.
Leauing the top-full bankes of bliſſe all dry,
Oh what a wicked world is here (thought I)
Where nothing's firme, but all I here eſpie,
Of ſublunary Subiects, liue to die.
What mortall then, that with the eye of wit?
Deſcends into the world, but ſees that it,
Containeth little that is good within,
For tis a nurſe of vice, a ſinke of ſinne:
A Laborinth of labour, gins, and guiles:
A ſacke of ſorrowes, wickedneſſe and wiles.
And In my ſelfe though all theſe woes I ſee,
[illegible] ſmall as me.

Each man a little world containes within,
A true *compendium* of the great worlds sinne:
Where *Reason* as the *Princesse* highest sits,
In the bed-chamber of the *Bodies* wits,
The *Senses* are *Attendants* on the Court,
Without whose aide nought passes through the port.
The supreame powers, as *Memory* and *Will*,
They are the *Peeres*, retaining good or ill:
The *Parts* exterior, and interne Affections
Are *Commons*, that relye o'th *Peers* protection.
Then violent *Passions* that (there) will not cease
Are base *Disturbers* of the Common peace.
And as one *Passion* is anothers doore
Wherein may enter more and more:
So restlesse Woes continually make roome,
Whereby another Woe may likewise come;
Which dumps and dolors do so terrifie me,
And sors my senses, that no ioy comes nigh me:
For the great griefes, that gaule me euery day,
Surprize my comfort, banniſh bliſſe away.
I am no *Stoicke* that no passions loue,
Whose mindes at neither mirth nor sorrow moue:
These Stocke conceits do truly represent,
The ouerthrow of inward gouernment.
But as a Christian heart my God me gaue,
So I'le take care to order all I haue.
Then tell, what mortall euer yet could say,
His ioy was constant still a compleate day:
Yet true it is that many men haue spent,

But constantly if it endur'd a day,
And was not crackt by sorrow neere away:
That griefe and ioy so long hath kept a sunder,
I will record it for a worldly wonder.
No, no, the world is meerely all but vaine,
And her best pleasures turne to bitter paine:
For though ioy tary strangely for an houre,
Tis soone consum'd by care, and sorrow sowre.
Whence I extract (which euery one sayes plaine)
That pleasures period, is a passe to paine;
That ioy and gladnesse take their turnes about,
And when the one is in, the others out.
So that in neither, ther's a stable station,
But when its sorrowes Terme, it's ioyes Vacation.
The Poets faine, there was betwixt those two,
A great diffention, and a deale to doo;
Which twix't them selues could not be pacifi'd,
But they must go to *Iupiter* to tride,
And he all meanes, and motions too did trie,
The variant to reduce to amity.
But when he see his paines had fruitlesse proou'd,
And that their malice could not be remoou'd:
To venge himselfe, and curbe these solmne sots,
He bound them in, indissoluble knots;
And chan'd them fast, withall decreed so,
These two inseperate for ere should go.
Then tis no wonder that they do surprize
Men in this manner with their miseries:
For euery man hath sure his turne of sorrow,
If glad to day, he's sure of griefe to morrow.

So thus is mankind with their miſcheeſes croſt,
One day payes dolor, that another loſt:
I neuer yet with any did remaine,
But euer he of ſomething did complaine.
If Rich, then to augment his ſtate and ſtore,
He would take care to ſcrape and gape for more;
If poore and nipt with pinching pennurie,
He then muſt care to eaſe his miſerie.
When *Salomon* the Mirror of true wit,
Had all experience man could haue of it;
And for his pleaſure Orchards daily planted,
Made fiſh-ponds, craued nought, but it was granted.
Had men and women-ſeruants borne and breed,
within his houſe, and there were nouriſhed:
Had ſtately buildings, coſtly gemmes and things,
As preſents ſent from Emperors and Kings.
Bdellium, Ophir gold, all kind of wood,
Gold, Siluer, Frankincenſe, and all was good:
Nay to be briefe, all ſolace he had ſent,
Could pleaſe the eye, or giue the heart content;
Yet did he deeply (lothing them) complaine,
And ſaid, *The world and all is vaine.*
So let men giue their hearts to glut in pleaſures,
To hoord vp Riches, Iewels, Gems, and treaſures:
Yet in the end with him they will complaine,
And truely ſay, *The world and all is vaine.*
But diſcontent and hunting ſtill for more,
Not ſatisfi'd with good enough before:
Men faſt purſue to be of all poſſeſt,
And till their race be runne can neuer reſt.

Which woe indures and the furies fell,
Makes vs thinke earth to be a second hell.
Then cannot this be mended? yes, in store,
God hath laid vp a Salue for euery sore:
And the best Medicine that I finde is this
If any in his Baine would looke for blesse:
When woe and sorrow come, I do not care for't
Because before it come I am prepar'd for't:
And when tis come (for to disgest the smart)
Ile freely welcome woe with all my heart;
But when it goes (it's bitternesse to quell
I looke for't more and bid but halfe, Farewell.
So that in Mirth I maladies do feare;
And in my care I know that comfort's neere.
Oh that my eyes could shed a sea of Teares
For to lament our vnlamented yeeres;
Or could but with my weake and weary straine
Beate all these mischiefes into Mortals buaine:
Then sure some veiwing of its Misery
Would cast all care aside, and learne to dye;
Leaue of all worldly loue, make preparation,
As here he had but one houres habitation.
I do not care (my Minde was neuer such)
Whether I be endow'd with little or much;
If little, my account shall be but small,
How I've disposed of this little all:
If much (no Auarice gainst me hath stood,
But I may grant it to the needies good.
And for my part I will confesse that I,
Am very young yet old enough to die;

If that the deſtinies had decreed it ſo,
I had beene well content that gate to go:
Then had I beene ſecure from ſinning more,
And paſt the perill of the pikes before.
But ſince it ſtands thus with his holy pleaſure,
That to repent, I haue the times leyſure:
My Times, at all times like a carefull man,
Ile make the beſt vſe of it that I can.
But as for *Fortune* and all worldly care,
That daily on this world do make repaire,
I'ue ſuch an Antidote laid vp in ſtore,
As that her hornes ſhall neuer hurt me more:
For *Patience* ſhall arme my body ſtill,
To beare the burthen of her good or ill.
My minde ſhall meditate on that alway,
That prudent *Pompey* vſed oft to ſay:
My friends (quoth he) we haue but little cauſe,
To truſt *Fates* flatterings, and vaine applauſe:
For by experience I haue prou'd it true,
(My former ſtate I know was knowne to you)
How the Emperiall Rule I once did gaine,
Before I lookt for or ere wiſht the ſame;
And on a ſuddaine euery one might ſee
Twas ſnarcht away, and taken quite from me.
When I a Mighty Monarch reigned in *Rome*,
Secure (as then I dreamd) from Care to come;
And climing to attaine the top of all,
I was depoſed, and cought this feate full fall.
So *Seneca* (when baniſhed from *Rome*,

Vnto his mother *Caltine* wrote a letter,
That she might beare his banishment the better.
(Mother said he) I n'ere gaue credit to,
Or trusted Fortunes slimme and subtle show
Although 'twixt me and her did often grow,
Great friendlinesse, 'twas filld with fraud I know.
For when she did consent to ought I did,
If any peace or praise in it lay hid:
I knew she did not pitty me at all,
But rais'd me high, to take the greater fall.
So by her liberality what's sent,
Riches, or Honor, I accompt them lent.
All promises that she doth proffer me,
The pleasures, wealth, or what prosperity,
I lay it by within my house by't selfe,
Looking each houre to lose that lastlesse pelfe.
And it doth n'ere my mind at all affright,
Whether she tak'e away by day or night:
Ile n'ere lament nor wander still in woe,
But as it came, Ile freely let it goe.
Whence this we see, the prudent and the wise,
Will not presume still on good happ to rise:
Nor all her fickleneesse esteeme a haire,
Because before a change they do prepare.
Yet if I might elect, I'd rather buy
Her Amity, then wofull Enmity:
And when I'ue lost wherewith she did relieue me,
Then let her take it, it shall neuer greeue me.
Let her take all I haue, burn't in the fire,

And giue it to ſome monſter, or a man,
Vſe all extremities ſhe will or can;
Yet ſhall not this, nay nor a further ſmart,
Produce a ſigh, or euer greeue my heart.
We read that *Philip Macedon* likewiſe,
When he heard tell of three great victories:
Straight kneeled down with folded palmes to'th skies
And vnto heauen lifting vp his eyes
Vtter'd theſe words; Oh cruell Fates (quoth he)
And gratious, gods, after proſperitie
I humbly pray you you will be content
To moderate my future chaſtiſement:
And let it not be a ſad introduction,
Of my great ruine, or my dire deſtruction:
For I am certaine, that ſuch flowes are vaine,
And after pleaſure will inſue my paine.
All which examples, truely ſhould be noted
And in our memories well writ and quoted:
That midditating on them we may know,
How little truſt to fortune we do owe:
How much we haue to truſt the flattering ſtriſe,
And fawning happineſſes of this life;
For we not taking heed of after claps.
Fall vnawares in number of miſhaps.
Yea, if it fortune that ſome time we find,
Pleaſures, and great contentments to our mind:
Then paine his penalty, for pleaſure doubles,
And vs ou'rwhelmeth, in a gulfe of troubles.
So like right worldlings, thinking for to hold,

In ſpight of *Fortune* and her nimble lets,
We're trapt and toyled in misfortunes Nets:
Such is our folly, when we hauing got,
Some banins blaze of bliſſe, or little lot:
Our Wits by much preſuming on that fate,
Are captiuate and drowned in ſelfe conceit,
So we become (by running thus aſtray)
(To froward Fortune, and ill hap) a pray.
O traiterous world, which for a little ſpace,
Doſt flatter, fawne, and ſmile on vs apace;
And quickly in the twinkling of an eye,
Bereaues vs of our ioyes and dignitie:
Thou giu'ſt vs occaſion to be glad,
And after makes vs doleſull, heauy, ſad.
Now thou aduances, and extols vs hie,
Then throwes vs downe, and makes vs lowly lie.
But oh baſe world, how can we ſcape thy gins?
Or liuing here extenuate our ſinnes.
For why, the more thou knowes a man is glorious
And by's aſpiring ſeekes to be notorious;
To fit his chaps for him thou doſt prouide,
Riches, Honor, and many things beſide:
As Beauteous Women, Ioy and dainty fare,
That he may ſurfeit on them without care.
But after all theſe wiſhed ioyes, and pleaſures,
Great dignities, and many precious Treaſures;
Euen as a bate is for the Fiſhes ſet,
So are we taken in vaine pleaſures net.
But as for worldly and theſe tough Temptations)
(Preſented to vs for our iuſt probations)

They make vs thinkt, vnpoſſible ere Fate,
Should Metamorphoſe ſuch a ſetled State:
Which hardens vs in them to take delight.
And practiſe nought but pleaſures day and night.
Yet I would haue one that's affectionate
Vnto the worldly pleaſures, pompe, and ſtate,
Or loues it moſt, To tell me by his wit
What recompences, or what benefit
After the world deceiues them, they can reape;
Nought but Laments, and for their luſt to weepe.
I've knowne great dolors, griefe, and lamentations,
In many houſes, where's beene exultations,
And many ioyes before, in worldly ſtate,
That haue their loſſe lamented too too late.
But thinke, the world rewards vs ſtill with euill,
And ruines good things like a demy-deuill:
Tis Vertues Tyrant, enemy to peace,
For baſe commotions neuer in't will ceaſe:
Errors maintainer, and a freind to warres,
This Souldiers teſtifie, when ſcourg'd with skarres:
A graue of ignorance, a field of folly,
That ſhowes vs mirth, yet ſtor'd with melancholy.
Curſt Cares Charibdes, and a dangerous deepe,
Wherein the godly many croſſes reape:
A very Scilla wherein our deſires,
Do alſo periſh with vaine lucres fires.
For the baſe vulger makes no accompt of them,
That merit well, or ſprung of Noble Stem:
But thoſe that can ſupport and maintaine pleaſures,
And onely wade in wealth and mundanie treaſures

When these bereft of liuing and of state,
Do curse their birth-day, and the faith of fate.
Yet still the base broode, cast a semblance sowre,
Vpon good qualities, if they be poore:
When they fond elues, his outside onely see,
And braue apparell, without honestie:
But care not for all qualities a pin,
Nor the sweete gifts that he retaines within.
When the best Clearkes, did often on it vant,
And banisht *Opulence* to line in want:
As *Bias* carried all his wealth about,
And dog'd *Diogenes* lay in's Tub without;
Poore *Irus*, *Codrus*, and a many moe,
That sought things firme, and let the fickle goe.
For plaine experience let these learned see,
Want is the Mistresse of Philosophie.
Their skill and learning told them this for sure,
That riches and preferment would not dure;
But vertues lustre lasteth during breath,
And makes our name Immortall after death.
This should be apprehended of the wise,
Though they seeme sordid in the vulgers eyes.
Their iudgements fallible, and comes not neare,
The true insight, but iudge as things appeare;
When wisedome alway doth of things take heede,
Not as they seeme, but as they be indeed.
So still the noble striue for to surmount,
The *Pedants* censure and the vulgers count.
For when the brittle state of things they see,

They cleaue to that, which brings perpetuall gaine,
And makes men without ruine long to raigne;
But not of riches, friends, or lands to boaſt,
That long a gathering are, and ſoone are loſt:
Nor great ones loues, for like the *Scythian* floure,
Their fauours fade, or flouriſh in an houre.
Did not Ægyptian *Ptolomie* affect,
Eweſenides with honor and reſpect:
That what he ſpake (though he prou'd but a Daw)
It was reputed for a laſting law:
Inſtal'd in offices, and finally,
He waxt moſt opulent, and proud thereby;
Reioycing greatly in his happy fate,
He boaſtingly one time ſaid to his mate.
The King no more can attribute to me,
Then the ſole rule of all his Monarchie:
Who anſwer'd (Sir) be not deceiu'd, thinke how
The Fate that gau't, can tak't againe from you;
And that would prooue (to your eternall ſtrife)
The ſaddeſt day you ere had in your life.
Short after *Ptolomie* did him eſpie,
Talking with women very wantonly
Whom he affected; *Ptolomie* anon,
Caus'd all the women poyſon drinke vpon:
Bereft *Eweſenides* of all's eſtate,
And laſtly hang'd him on the Portall gate.
So by *Severus*, *Plancina* was promoted,
Till in his too much dignity he doted;
For checking of his Princes eldeſt ſonne,

Then *Commodus* his man *Cleander* lou'd,
Whose loue a long time, could not be remoou'd,
For he was wise, yet auarous and greedy,
(And often times these proue but little speedy.)
For when the Souldiers with a warrant came,
To aske their pay, he did deny the same
Though sealed with the Signet of the King:
And when the Souldiers did relate the thing,
For contradiction of the Kings command,
He hastily was hanged out of hand;
His goods confiscate, and his noble name,
Togither with his life, did end in shame.
Constantius to *Hortensius* had a fauour,
And deerely lou'd him for his good behauiour;
As one, on whom rely'd his chiefe protection,
All his affaires were done by his direction.
Yet when the King receiu'd intelligence,
He was the *Author* of a foule offence
Did touch his person; straight way for the deed,
He was adiudged for to lose his head.
Nay and a number I could mention heere,
Who in great loue and estimation were;
Yet for such triuiall faults were done to death,
And all their blessings blasted with their breath.
Great *Alexander* in his angry mood,
Slewe *Carterus*, and basely shed his blood.
Though *Cincinnatus* was *Bittillens* friend,
Yet was *Bittilion*, *Cincinnatus* end;
So in mens fauours there's no constancy,
For changes come in hauing blisse of sun

And if from ancient Stories we deſcend,
To moderne acts, and marke the timeleſſe end
Of Fauorites, here I truely might infold,
More preſidents, then all this booke can hold.
Theſe repreſent to our meditations,
Liuely illuſtrate, this worlds alterations:
And that there is no minute, hour, nor day,
But Woe and Gladneſſe, alter ſtill their ſtay:
For which ſage *Solons* ſpeeches I commend,
And ſay, *No man is happy, till his end.*

Another greeſe to make my woe amends,
Doth torture me, and that is faithleſſe friends:
Who when they ſee ſome poore iniſter puffe
Of Fate, aſſault a friend; Oh! thats enough,
And cauſes good they haue, then to reiect him,
Leaue him to helpe himſelfe they'le not reſpect him.
Some of this ſtampe I haue, but ſure not many,
But of that crew I wiſh I had not any.
For in a little triall, I haue found,
Their bounties backward, & their hearts hide-bound:
When friends affliction, puts them to the touch,
Then little helpe, or heart is ſhowne from ſuch.
Yet farre be it, our conſanguinitie,
Should with vnnaturall affinitie,
Be cloyed thus, though ſome there be thats ill,
Yet I haue others, that prooue honeſt ſtill:
And for their parts, thus much I'le boldly ſay,
For no aduerſity they'le turne away.
But for the firſt, all goodneſſe doth forſake them,
Whom God [illegible]

For as their hearts are hardned to do ill,
So are their hands to propagate their will;
Their infamy and names I might haue noted,
And all their malice in the margent quoted:
But for my preſent eaſe, I will forbeare,
And preſſe them in another place then here.
They are forwarned now, and I proteſt,
Though they ſcape hanging yet they ſhall be preſt.
For he indeed ought to be term'd a friend,
whoſe loue and aide laſt firme vnto the end:
That willingly doth offer with his heart,
Of a poore penny to his friend a part;
And willingly ſupplies what he doth lacke,
Meate for his mouth, and cloathing for his backe:
Doth ſuccor him before he asketh aide,
And's fixed to him, when all others fade:
For this is true (none dare I thinke deny it)
To beg a thing of friendſhip is to buy it:
And ſuch as in mens miſeries forſake them,
They're monſters made of men, what can you make them.
For while that happy fortune doth in ſue
Friends grow, then reckon them, you'l finde enough.
There's goodman get-all, and my neighbour *Iane*,
Muſt needes be ſent for vnto gratious Lane:
She's very honeſt, and I meane to meete
Her (as ſhe promis't me) in Gracious ſtreete:
But lauiſht out, and you ſhall ſee this rag-taile,
Where there no Gold-Finch is, will proue a Wagtaile
Then goodman get-all, and long *Iane* the Iade,
Will curſe your pouerty like miſtriſſe *Blade*.

And they are Iewes that haue a friend indeed
Indued with vertues, though he be in need,
And do reſtraine their hands, and then forſake him,
When as their furtherance might marre or make him.
For can a man, that truly is poſſeſt,
Of vertuous ornaments within his breſt?
Can he I ſay long want, or ſtand in need,
Though for a time his hopes be buried?
No, he'l be ſtill releeu'd, each noble heart,
(If friends vnwilling prooue) wil foſter Art.
For as the ſunne when ſome obſcuring cloud,
Doth in her boſome all her ſplendor ſhroud:
Though thus I ſay, he ſhroud it from our ſight,
Yet can he not extenuate his light.
So when a Wiſe man ſeemes to ſuffer need,
And cloudy want doth make his vertues dead
For a ſmall time; that broke and vaniſht quite,
Then doth his ſplendor ſhine through's learned light:
And a true friend will neuer during breath,
Forſake his friend for feare of paine or death.
Nay after death he will lament the end,
Of ſuch a loyall and a louing friend:
And in the world there's not, nor cannot be,
More perfect loue (then this) and amitie;
That's, for a friend no perils to forſake,
May for the furtherance of his matters make.
This cauſed *Plato* often take his way,
From learned *Athens* to *Sicilia*:
And for no other end but looke vpon,
His true and truſty louer *Phocion*.

For of a wiſeman to inioy the ſight,
The wayes(though long)is ſhort,the labour light.
Tianeus (as ſome Hiſtorians ſay,
Parted from *Rome*,paſt through all *Aſia*:
Saild ouer *Nilus* with vndanted boldneſſe.
Endur'd the blaſts of *Caucaſus* his coldneſſe:
Waded in cold through her congealed fountaines,
Suffered the heates of all the *Riphean* mountaines;
And to no other end. but to conferre,
With his *Hyarchus* the Philoſopher.
Ageſilaus hearing that his friend,
In remote Countries were i'th priſon pend,
He ſet's affaires aſide,and went his way,
Longing to finde where his beloued lay:
Whom when he found,vnto the King he went,
And him ſaluted with this complement.
Redoubted Roy,a friend I haue, and he
Is here captiued by your Royaltie;
Of his diſtreſſed caſe,ſome pitty take,
And if you pleaſe,to free him for my ſake;
Or giue him honor,dignity,or pelfe,
I take the deede as done vnto my ſelfe:
And I aſſure you Oh moſt Royall King,
You cannot chaſtice,nor do any thing
Vnto my friend,but if I hear't or ſee,
I feele the torment too aſwell as hee.
Thus did the noble man,great loue deſcrie,
Vnto his friend,though in aduerſitie;
And of all worldly pompe,riches,and pleaſure,

As a true friend, to whom a man may ſhow,
All ſecrets, though none but himſelfe doth know:
He may recount to him his woes and griefes,
And truſtily rely on his reliefes.
In briefe, he may repoſe (without all doubt)
To him his ſecrets both within and out:
For he is ſure to reape this for his gaines,
And be releiued in his woe and paines:
Counſeld in perils and aduerſities,
And be reioyc'd with in proſperities.
But ſuch a friend is rare, and hard to finde,
Wherefore to chooſe one of an honeſt mind
We muſt be wary, his condition be,
Godly and good, and ioyn'd with honeſtie.
Not couetous, vnpatient, or vniuſt,
Thou maiſt then be deceiued in the truſt:
Seditious factious, nor that mooueth ſtrife,
Preſumptuous, nor faulty in his life.
For if he be infected with thoſe crimes,
As many be now in theſe latter times;
Reiect him, truſt him not, nor come not nie him,
And if he proffer loue to thee deny him;
For none will buy a horſe, or count him trim,
Vnleſſe he ſee him ſound of wind and limme;
Nor none will bargaine for pure ſilke or cloath,
But he'l firſt view, that it be free from Moath,
Nor wine, vntill that he can truely tell;
The colour's pure, and it will reliſh well.
So none (that's wiſe) will proffer all his fauour,
To any if he know not his behauiour:

But with *Augustus* alwayes carefull be,
Whom thou admitteſt in thy amity.
And when true triall, doth informe that he,
Is euery way compleate for honeſtie:
Then let thy heart on ſuch a friend take hold,
Reiect him not for ſiluer nor for gold.
For if we will beleeue the Antique ſtories,
Wherein's recorded, many Monarches glories,
We ſhall perceiue, how friendſhip they reputed,
And how ſincerely for true friends they ſuited.
As *Alexander*, *Ariſtotle* lou'd,
King *Cyrus*, *Chylon* that ſo faithfull prou'd:
Great *Ptolomie*, *Pithimon* much affected,
And with all reuerence he him reſpected.
Pyrrus, *Satirus*, *Auguſt Symonides*.
Traiane, *Plutarchus*, *Scipio*, *Sophocles*:
Which men for friendſhip haue beene much eſteem'd
And mirrors of good manners haue beene deem'd:
The worlds true Worthies were they in their daies,
Wherein their ſeruice meritted true praiſe.
But oh! this iron age which we liue in,
True friends are ſowne thicke but they come vp thinne.
For in theſe dayes tis difficult to know,
Whether a man by's words meanes well or woe.
Some Parаſite, reiected punckes will praiſe,
And terme her the true Damſell of our dayes;
Extoll her to the hight, and tell her how
But ſhe, ther's none of any worth liues now:
Inſinuating with this baſe intent,
To let her beare how he can comm ament a

Or elſe with her be gladly would make friends,
For's owne commodity and proper ends:
But ſtep aſide, he'l ſay ſhe is a ſcab,
And to his neighbour call her ſcume and drab.
Thus idle heads, that ſo to fawne deuiſe,
Do circumuent ſuch with a thouſand lies:
And make their promiſe very large and faire,
But their performance is not worth a haire;
But let the wiſe take heede, not to relieue them,
And when they ſpeake moſt faire, the leſſe beleeue him
Truſt not faire language, many oathes nor ſo,
But heare them for a while, than let him go.
Well now Woes tract, and Fickle faith I'ue done,
Wherein a ſlender courſe my Muſe hath runne;
Which ſome may blame me for, when tis well ſcand,
As too too young to take this taske in hand:
To which I anſwer now that euen I,
Though twenty yeeres I hardly haue paſt by,
(Yet I ue obſeru'd) ſometime that forced teares
Of woe aſmuch as ſome of forty yeeres.
Therefore graue Seniors, and you froward blood,
That grin at goodmen when they wiſh you good.
Excuſe my weakeneſſe, if you be not coy,
To take inſtruction from a witleſſe boy:
Regard a while and let there grow no grieſe,
That here I reckon other woes in brieſe.
It is a woe when men of good deſerts,
Should vilipended be with meere vpſtarts:
Becauſe they want, and men that little know,

This is the world, a knaue that will not lacke,
A precious outside, for his Asses backe,
Shall be esteem'd, though the foole be mute,
Yet shall he be commended for his suite.
I greeue againe when Petti-foggers be,
So au'rous no conscience they wil see, (warme,
But with long Gownes, they keepe their coxcombes
And sell their breath for many a poore mans harme;
For bribes extoll them to a high degree,
Which makes them fare so well and fat (we see.)
But let some begger a petition make,
And pray him double, that for Christ his sake,
With a poore penny he'l relieue his want;
He'l tell him straight, that pennies now are skant,
When he's more hoarded vp then well he knowes
How, or to whom he shall the same dispose.
They make poore Pedants oft to trudge in rags,
When they can sit in silke, and fill their bags.
By vaine delayes, demurres, and needlesse clauses,
They haue a tricke to lengthen easie causes.
Their conscience cares not, so they haue their share,
That makes them blest, and many honest bare.
Its a condition incident to all,
That raise their fortunes by anothers fall:
And as i'th Elephant we may discry,
(Being guilty to his owne deformity)
Dare not looke in the fountaines cleare and good,
But lookes for filthy channels mixt with mudde.
So of their conscience I may moralize,
For how their soules such base polution lyes

They dare not looke in them, for feare the clues,
Growe desperate, perhaps and hang themselues.
So haue I seene a Patient when his wound,
Hath beene deepe, wide, and rankled all around,
Would not permit the Surgeon to see,
Nor search his wound, so obstinate was he.
I've likewise seene a wasting prodigall,
Hath runne ith bookes so farre (by wasting all,
That by no meanes he could abide to heare,
The sable summe the Merchant made appeare;
When it hath beene a prouerbe old and true,
Oft reckning makes long friends with me and you.
But some neere summe their reckonings vp with God
Nor feare the ruine of his wrathfull rod,
But run oth score so long, with large receipts,
They will not heare nor hearken to their debts.
When we should often summe our sinnes vp all,
And see whereto amounts the principall:
Which while I liue with care I will respect,
And then I know, what goodnesse to expect.
Ile feare no *Audit* then, nor hatch dispaire
Of lawfull payment, when I thus prepare.
I've wondred oft, and blusht for very shame,
To read of meere Philosphers great aime,
That had no other guide but onely Nature,
Yet in their manners were so ripe and mature.
They Amity embrac't, and were content,
With fruits and hearbs which mother *Tellus* sent:
Not riotous, nor lou'd they luxurie,
None they oppressed with dampd [illegible]

And when a hainous crime was ere committed,
'Twas deepely puniſht, which no Fee remitted.
Now to inuent ſinnes we'r each day beginning,
And crimes commit by cuſtome of much ſinning;
Which to portray doth paſſe my skill and pen,
Since there's as many vices now as men.
But oh the blindneſſe of vs Chriſtians now,
That haue the Goſpell read and preached too;
Yet ſuffer them by the dimme candle light
Of nature, to excell vs; though the right
We (fruitleſſe) practize: but their liues ſo ſpent
May to vs liuers be a preſident.
The great deceites too of mechanicke men,
Which in their callings they vſe now and then:
Would vexe a Saint, when th'honeſt cannot haue
Their worke diſpatched truly for a knaue.
As Taylors that to make their parings large,
Puls of a ſhare, and puts toth conſcieuce charge;
For'th laſt apparell that I had to make,
A Taylor (that the taske would vndertake)
Came to me with faire language and beſeeches,
And told me if I pleaſed he'd make my breeches:
I willingly aſſented, bid him take them,
And told the manner how I'd haue him make them:
Theſe patched vp (a Poxe light on his noſe,
He'd ſtole at leaſt three quarters from my hoſe;
Which when I found, I did not as ſome doo,
To fall a ſcolding, No, he told me how,
His workmanſhip did moſt mens workes exceede,

So many of them, cheefly of that crew,
Will not ſay God be with you, but adieu.
At euery oath they heare turnes vp their eye,
Hates in religion true confotunity;
Leaue the high ſtreet & through the corne make way
To ſeeke new methods both to prate and pray.
This rout (for ſooth) they are ſo holy bent,
In preſence they'l not ſweare but complement,
With congies, cringies, nay, they'l keepe a ſtir,
With truly yes, and verily (good Sir)
Vſe ceremonies, make a ſhow to pray,
When'th world hath not more hypocrites then they:
And prating thus they can poſſeſſe an aſſe,
Their honeſty, all honeſties ſurpaſſe;
For if a Nouice worke to ſuch men put,
Which he would haue trim'd in the neweſt cut;
He'l tell him he hath metaphificke skill,
And ſweare to make them neatly, that he will.
He's tractable enough, and then the clowne,
Sweares he doth make the cheapeſt in the towne;
And ſayes Sir vnderſtand this by your fauour
I aske but very little for my labour;
Tho others can them larger fees allow,
Nay ſtretch and ſteale a great deale more then due,
We hate the humour and theſe ſharking elues,
That neither care for vs nor for themſelues;
Which is diſgrace to vs and to them too,
This I admire they do not ſhame to doo:
To vſe diſſembling in an honeſt trade,
But tis no matter yours ſhall be well made.

This is the fashion of that gracefull youth
That lyes most, yet must make't (in tirely) truth:
And such a monster well obseru'd of Man,
Who would not take him for a Pewter-can.
He scornes to steale, but for the rips and stitches
(Tho double paid) yet he must pinch the breeches:
For to dissemble, he'th the exacte Art,
Seemes holy headed, with a hollow heart;
This they effect with many verilies,
And vnder truths pretences cloake most lies.
Now if some Botcher take the same in snuffe,
And face my lines out with a counter-buffe.
Say they are weake, and he doth much dislike it,
Then throw't aside, or with his purse strings strike it:
Possesse the Readers, that it is a toy,
For 'twas composed by a stripling boy. (tricks,
Yet (Sarrah) contend not now with me to cloak your
The prouerbe is, none but a gauld horse kicks.
I can reuenge me, but the conquest's base,
That is obtained in so vile a case.
As for the honest workemen of this land,
I gladly would haue them to vnderstand;
That I with all obsequiousnesse respect them,
And (being honest) heartily affect them;
For though my cloth vnto my griefe was gone,
I will not blame all, for the fault of one;
Nor I divulge it, to eclipse his fame,
That did the deed, for I'le obscure his name.
The Tapsters get vnconscionable gaine,
And for one pentiu often nicke on twaine:

They coſen ſtrangers with halfe nicke and froth,
(Theſe ſookes the City, and the Country both)
Their empty halfe-fild iugs, and coſenning pots,
Make poore men pay whole money for their ſhots;
And yet the raſcall, cheates and coſens ſtill,
For he's a tricke (obſerue him when you will)
To fill the iugge halfe full, bring't to the table,
And poures a glaſſe foorth as't was commendable:
For why, the villaine certainely is loth,
We ſhould perceiue the pot halfe fild with froth.
Well, let them ſcore, and ſcourge, and brag, and baule
One day will come, will make them pay for all:
And tho they thinke by ſmothering to conceale it,
He ſees that once will make their carkaſſe feele it.
The coſenning Broker is none of the leaſt,
That moſt deludes; this fellow in hels-cheſt
Layes vp his linen, cloth, wooll, and lawne,
Which he for little purchaſt at a pawne.
They coſen Nouices, and like baſe Rookes,
Are happy when the honeſt's in their bookes;
For by extorted rates, they are oppreſt,
And plagued by exacted intereſt:
And as they take in others Line or Lawne,
So to the deuill they their ſoules do pawne;
For if the law will but their crimes allow,
They'le freely hazard ſoule and body too.
But penalty reformes part of their euils,
Which makes men liue in peace in ſpight of diuels.
Their grand extortions, and their wounding bils,
Summed vp with fable ſalues [illegible]

They'l either liue in misery to end it,
Or leaue it to a thriftlesse heire will spend it.
But as Mechannickes vse this vile deceit,
And study how to cosen, aire, or late;
Leaue nought (for lucre) but it is attempted,
Yet few professions are from hence exempted:
For there's no calling vnder Sunne I see,
But tis accrewed with some falshtie.
Our Cleargy they whose liuing should be spent,
Vnto the Laymens pious president,
Are most corrupted with damn'd Symony,
And ignorance is plac'd by bribery.
This makes Sir *Iohn* procure a liuing fat,
That scarce knowes what is latin for his hat,
And like an Abbey-lubber gets the gaines,
When learnder men liues poore with greater paines.
Such liuings perish with their fat and honey,
That are assigned onely for See-mony:
But if I were not placed by my Art,
Let then who will show-money (take my part)
For if that coyne beare sway and good be gone,
I'le rest me as I am, and neere seeke none.
Then the loose liuing of the Temporall man,
Both Papist, Protestant and Puritane,
The Brownist and more I could reckon now,
(Of vpstart Sects) I'm sure neere thirty two
Are in as bad, or worse predicament,
Riches, and Riots care, kils their content;
No trust is in them, for their faith I say,
With their small conscience they haue chast away.

Nought now is practiz'd, but deceit and ſtriſe,
A man dare hardly truſt his neereſt wife;
The Father not the ſonne, nor Sonne the Father,
Some or they'l truſt their Sire, will hang him rather;
The eldeſt Son, ſuites 'gainſt his younger brother,
And neither of them dare truſt one another;
Thus is all truth, good liuing led aſtray,
Affections dead, and faith is fled away:
For many now will promiſe ſweare and lye,
To doe a friend, a fauour by and by;
To flatter him in preſence, ſpeake him faire,
And bid him make good cheere and take no care,
For they will cure him of that carefull caſe,
And promiſe mountaines too before his face;
But turn'd aſide, their ſpeciall care growes ſlacke,
And then they'l wiſh him hang'd behind his backe.
Oh faithleſſe wretches in whoſe hollow breſts,
No confidence, no truth, no honour reſts.
Alas is all your conſcience gone and pitty too,
That makes it ſo hard to finde a parcell now.
But if your liues did any faith afford,
You'd chuſe to breake your necke before your word.
It is a woe when true gentility,
Should crouch to vpſtarts crept from beggery:
Suite with ſubmiſſion to the fooles for grace,
When ſuch a one inueſted in a place,
Is farre more haughty, and more prompt to ſcorne,
Then Gentlemen that nobly were borne.
The Aſſe will grow ſo curious, coy, and ciuill,
And ſet on horſ[illegible]

But let them clime so, yet, beware a fall,
They slip not backe, and breake their neckes for all:
For I haue knowne some full as fortunate,
That haue beene foiled with the premis'd fate.
It is a woe when wise are vnder rules
Of golden calues, and shallow brained fooles;
Will be commanded by a rustie slaue,
Fawne, flatter him, some kindnesse for to haue;
Doe good or euill, that he would haue done,
Through wet, and dry, he'l either ride or runne.
But I admire that men of noble partes,
Indu'd with many Sciences and Arts,
So basely thus can crouch, vnto a Knaue,
And be officious, tho he money haue;
For such obseruance and obsequiousnesse,
Make qualities contemn'd, loare lou'd the lesse.
Were I the man, that should be tide vnto
One of these mushromes, or I'le chuse to do
Such offices, or marke each puppies becke,
I'le first resolue (i'faith) to breake my necke,
Or to a scoundrell so obsequious be,
As come to kisse her hand, or bend my knee;
To honor her, or humour her conceit,
With vaine applauses from an empty pate:
As many fallsly do imploy their pen,
To make a monster, King of mortall men:
And some loose liuing Lady to inherit,
A Paragones true praise and proper merit.
Out on such Asse-made-Epigrammatists,
That flesh their phrases with such filthy fists:

And make some sordid show, makes foule most faire,
Fels them of Castles (they deserue) i'th aire.
Indeed if that one knew a noble man,
But these are rare as is the coale-blacke Swan)
That harbor'd honesty, compleat each way,
And that no lyes would either sooth or say;
What is't? but for him I would vndertake,
Euen wade the Sea (it need were) for his sake.
And truly (Mistresse) if we list to scan
Vpon your spouse, he's each way such a man
As I haue mentioned; but what man can tell,
Where such another Mirror now doth dwell.
Repleet with honesty, and good, and grace,
That hath wits image pictur'd on his face:
Free from all falsities and horrid crimes,
Abandonning the baseneſſe of theſe times:
The guide of godlineſſe, the Man of Men,
Whoſe glories, had I but a golden pen,
I would record, and sing the same in verse,
That our succeſſors might his worth rehearse.
But while I liue, my Muse and I will striue,
To make his honesty his life suruiue;
In spight of fortune and that fickle fame,
No time, nor ruine shall out raze the same:
And if my lines his true deserts can giue,
In spight of death, for euer he shall liue.
And so farre (Reader) vnder thy correction,
Haue I digreſt to show the true affection,
And seruices I owe vnto these two,
Which till I dye (God willing) I will doo.

Praying their happineſſe, may neuer wither,
But they may loue, and long time liue together.
And now my Muſe being weary of this woe,
By ripping ruines vp, toſt too and fro;
And ſeeing that no practiſe here is free,
But in ſome part it taſts of miſery:
We'l for this time indeauour for to leaue,
Such things as mention'd further would but greeue.
For had I iron voices, or braſſe tongues,
Briarius hands, or large extended lungs,
Or were the Sea all inke, the earth all quils,
'Twere difficult to mention all the ils,
This Microcoſme includes: So I inrend,
to cloſe my Phamphlet vp, and here to end.
Without end.
If I herein haue er'd, I pray forgiue,
As proper tis for man to erre as liue.

FINIS.